A Day With CHARLIE McCARTHY

10¢

Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen

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A Day With Charlie McCarthy

and

Edgar Bergen

by ELEANOR PACKER

with

EDGAR BERGEN'S
Advice on the Art of
Ventriloquism

Illustrated with Photographs
by COBURN and Scenes
from the Motion Picture
"THE GOLDWYN FOLLIES"

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Charlie McCarthy Was Soundly Sleeping in Mr. Bergen's Bed!

THE GRANDFATHER'S CLOCK in the hall chimed seven deep, rolling notes. Then, as the echoes died in the morning silence of the house, the alarm clock in the bedroom rang with a clanging whir.

Little Charlie McCarthy slid sleepily from under the warm blankets, stumbled across the room and turned off the clock's bell. Then he slipped back into bed and a moment later he was soundly sleeping. In his drowsiness he did not notice that he had crawled into Edgar Bergen's bed instead of his own bed, since the two beds were twins.

For several minutes there was only silence in the pleasant room, bright with early morning sunshine. Then, suddenly, Edgar Bergen awakened.

He opened his eyes and stared in amazement at the silk hat on the pillow beside him. Slowly his surprised gaze moved from Charlie's round, little face under the hat to the alarm clock, ticking merrily on the dresser.

"Charlie McCarthy!" he exclaimed, shaking the boy. "What are you doing in my bed? Why are you wearing your clothes? And did you turn off that alarm clock?"

"Oh, good morning, Mr. Bergen," Charlie mumbled, sitting up and rubbing his sleep-filled eyes. "I didn't know you were awake. Another day is here, I see, another day filled with—"

"Answer my questions," Mr. Bergen interrupted sternly. "Did you turn off that alarm clock? Answer me!"

"Well, come to think of it, I don't remember. Is it turned off, Mr. Bergen?" Charlie's brown eyes were wide with innocence.

"You know that it's turned off," Mr. Bergen told him, "and I know that you did it."

"Then why did you ask me, Mr. Bergen?" Charlie wanted to know, smiling cheerfully. "You must save your breath. Remember, we have a very busy day before us. You'll need all your energy for your work in pictures, Mr. Bergen."

"This certainly is going to be a busy day," Mr. Bergen agreed, putting on his shoes. "That's the reason for my setting the alarm clock to ring at seven. And now, young man, why are you sleeping in my bed instead of your own?"

"That's a question I can't answer, Mr. Bergen. I only wish that I could," Charlie sighed. "I guess that it will always be one of the unsolved mysteries of life."

"If you can't answer that question, you can surely answer this one," Mr. Bergen said, looking at the boy with unsmiling eyes. "Why are you wearing your evening clothes in bed?"

"At last, your questions and my answers have met," Charlie beamed triumphantly. "I can explain everything. You see, it was this way. It was so late when I came home from Skinny Dugan's party last night that I crept into the house like a little, silent mouse. I didn't want to disturb you, Mr. Bergen. I knew that you needed your rest."

"Yes, go on." There was a dangerous glint in Mr. Bergen's blue eyes.

"Where was I?" Charlie asked quickly, forcing a bright smile. "Oh, yes. I was creeping into the house, wasn't I? Well, when I tiptoed into this room, it was dark and you were sleeping as peacefully as a baby. So I decided not to run the risk of disturbing you by turning on the lights and undressing. I was thinking

Edgar Bergen Shook Charlie to Awaken Him

Mr. Bergen Spanked Charlie Thoroughly

of your comfort, Mr. Bergen, not of my own, when I went to bed in my clothes. It's very simple, when you understand, isn't it?"

"Very," Mr. Bergen agreed, biting his lips.

THEN WITH unexpected suddenness, he pulled Charlie across his knees and spanked him, while the boy gurgled with gay laughter.

"I don't know what's going to become of you, Charlie," Mr. Bergen cried finally. "But we'll talk about that later. Take off those clothes and jump into the shower."

Obediently Charlie slid out of his rumpled clothes and dashed toward the shower. He sang gaily as the warm water sprayed over his small body.

"How'd you like that song, Mr. Bergen?" he called, peeking around the edge of the shower curtain. "I learned it last night at Skinny's party. Don't you think that I'm in fine voice this morning?"

"Very fine. But we haven't time for concerts now. Hurry, Charlie. We mustn't be late at the studio."

A MOMENT later Charlie, wrapped in a bath towel, stepped from the shower.

"Here I am," he chuckled. "Fresh as a daisy, clean as the driven snow and ready for the toothbrush."

He stood quietly while Mr. Bergen thoroughly brushed his strong, white teeth.

"Great heavens!" Mr. Bergen exclaimed suddenly, looking closely at the boy's head. "You didn't wash your ears, Charlie. How many times have I told you to scrub your ears when you take a shower?"

"Thousands of times. Millions of times, probably," Charlie answered merrily. "I try to do it, Mr. Bergen. Honestly, I do. But, you see, my ears are in an awkward place. I can't see them, so I don't know when they are clean. I just have to guess at it."

"Well, you certainly guessed wrong this morning," Mr. Bergen told him as he vigorously washed the boy's ears. "Evidently you completely avoided them."

"I had to detour around them to reach the back of my neck," Charlie giggled. "Ouch! Not so hard, if you please. Remember, Mr. Bergen, they're my ears, dirty as they may be. They're the only ears I'll ever have and I need them."

Charlie in the Shower

Brushing Charlie's Teeth

"You certainly do," Mr. Bergen agreed, "and you use them so often, listening to the conversations of other people, that you should take extra good care of them."

"Ears are very handy little things, aren't they, Mr. Bergen?" Charlie murmured. "It's a good thing they can't talk and tell all they hear. Especially what they heard the other evening, when I was sleeping in the rumble seat of your car while you were driving that good-looking girl home from the studio."

"So you were only pretending to be asleep!" Mr. Bergen cried. "You snored, I remember—very loudly, indeed!"

"The better to hear you, my dear, as the bad wolf said to Little Red Riding Hood," Charlie laughed. "But I haven't said a word about it, Mr. Bergen. Not one word to anyone. Not even to Skinny Dugan, who's

Washing Charlie's Ears

always asking me if I know any good jokes. Skinny loves a laugh. Don't you think that I deserve a reward for my silence?"

"What do you want now?" Mr. Bergen sighed.

"A shave," Charlie answered hopefully.

"Don't be ridiculous, Charlie. You don't need a shave."

"Maybe not. Maybe not," Charlie chanted. "But I will soon and I want to encourage my beard to grow. Come on now, it's a bargain. A shave in return for my silence."

"Oh, very well," Mr. Bergen consented wearily. "But this is the silliest thing I've ever done."

"You should have seen yourself from the rumble seat of the car, if you think shaving me is the silliest thing you've ever done," Charlie chortled, his eyes gleaming with mischief.

"You win, Charlie," Mr. Bergen gave in. "If you want a shave, I'll give it to you."

Quickly he covered Charlie's round, little face with soapsuds and reached for the razor.

"Now remember, Mr. Bergen, no tricks," Charlie warned, grinning. "Dead men tell no tales, but they're a terrible load on your conscience. Easy does it, Mr. Bergen."

"I'll be careful," Mr. Bergen promised.

DEFTLY HE SCRAPED the soapsuds from Charlie's face.

"Now I want all the rest of the fixings," the boy demanded.

So, with silent patience, Mr. Bergen rubbed Charlie's face with toilet water and dusted it lightly with powder.

"There!" Charlie sighed happily. "Now I feel like a man and I'm ready for breakfast. This day will go down in history, Mr. Bergen. The day of McCarthy's first shave."

As he spoke, Charlie put on a tailored green bathrobe, knotted a scarf around his neck and set a beret at a rakish angle on his auburn head. Then he and Mr. Bergen ran down the stairs.

THE BREAKFAST table was set in the garden under a brightly colored umbrella.

"Oh, good old grapefruit!" Mr. Bergen exclaimed hungrily, looking at the chilled, juicy, golden fruit on the plates before them.

"I'll agree to the old, but not to the good," Charlie mumbled. "I'll take bacon and eggs and you can have my grapefruit, Mr. Bergen."

"No, you must eat your fruit, Charlie," Mr. Bergen

insisted firmly. "It's good for your health. Fruit is a very necessary part of a well-balanced diet."

"Very well," Charlie sighed, digging his spoon into the grapefruit. "If I must have balance, I must. So here goes. Fore!"

A SUDDEN STREAM of juice spurted from the yellow fruit and struck Mr. Bergen sharply in the face.

"Watch what you're doing, Charlie," he cried, rubbing his stinging eye.

"I warned you," Charlie reminded him. "I yelled 'Fore.' If your head got in the way of my stroke, it's your own fault, Mr. Bergen. Personally, I think that eating grapefruit is a dangerous game. There's no hazard whatever in bacon and eggs."

"All right, have your bacon and eggs," Mr. Bergen muttered in exasperation.

"With toast and raspberry jam," Charlie added gleefully. "After this, Mr. Bergen, I think that I'd better eat my fruit in the form of jam. It will be easier on your eyes."

WHEN CHARLIE had finished his breakfast, he sat for a few minutes in a deck chair in the bright, warm sunshine.

"I like to take my setting-up exercises, sitting down," he smiled, breathing deeply and contentedly. "This is the life, isn't it, Mr. Bergen?"

"It certainly is," Mr. Bergen agreed, standing beside him and looking across the wide lawn toward the green shimmer of the water in the swimming pool. "But I'm afraid that we can't stay here and enjoy it this morning, Charlie. We must dress and be on our way to the studio."

"Work before sunbaths," Charlie grinned, running toward the house.

"What will you wear this morning, Master Charlie?" Jimmy, the Filipino boy, asked, when Charlie bounced into the bedroom.

"It's a real problem, trying to be a well-dressed man, Jimmy," Charlie said thoughtfully, climbing onto the bed and gazing at the array of clothes which Jimmy had spread before him. "I have to be especially careful these days, because I'm working in the same picture with Adolphe Menjou and he's one of the best-dressed men in Hollywood. Sometimes I almost wish I were the way I used to be, with only one suit of clothes, if you could call those tatters 'clothes.' "

Giving Charlie His First Shave

He sighed, remembering the days before he had come to live with the generous Mr. Bergen, the days when he had been a ragged newsboy with only a sweater, a pair of trousers and a threadbare cap in his wardrobe.

Breakfasting in the Garden—With Grapefruit

NOW THE CLOSET in his bedroom was filled with suits and coats, hats and shoes of all kinds and colors. Full dress clothes. Tuxedoes. Sports coats. Slacks. Sweaters. Shirts of all hues. Plainly tailored daytime suits. Silk hats. Soft hats. Berets. Knitted caps. Sports shoes of brown and white leather. Black street shoes. Shiny patent-leather dress shoes.

And now he was no longer a ragged newsboy, but a motion-picture actor, playing in his first Hollywood film, "The Goldwyn Follies."

"I think that I'll wear the gray slacks, the gray sports shirt, that reddish scarf and my polo coat," Charlie finally decided. "Now what hat shall it be? Eenie, meenie, minie, moe."

As he spoke, Charlie moved his pointing finger from one hat to another. He lingered for a long mo-

Some of the Grapefruit Shot into Mr. Bergen's Eye

ment over his favorite head gear, a checkered Sherlock Holmes hat with a jaunty black bow on the peak of its crown. Then he put it aside with a sigh and selected one of his many berets.

As he was putting the final touches to his carefully knotted scarf, Mr. Bergen appeared in the doorway.

"Ready, Charlie?" he asked. "Well, you're looking very jaunty this morning."

"Clothes make the man," Charlie grinned. "Adolphe Menjou and Clark Gable and Fred Astaire and the rest of them have nothing on me, when it comes to fancy dressing, have they, Mr. Bergen? They'll have to step aside for Beau Brummel McCarthy, Hollywood's best-dressed man."

"They certainly will," Mr. Bergen agreed, "and we'll have to step fast toward the studio."

Charlie McCarthy Sunning Himself in a Deck Chair

A FEW MINUTES later they were driving rapidly through the tree-lined streets of Hollywood. The car stopped at the wide gates of the Samuel Goldwyn Studio and Charlie waved merrily to the gateman.

"Good morning," the boy called, leaning from the window of the car. "How's tricks this morning, my good man?"

"Fine, Charlie. Fine," the man answered the boy's smile. "There's been a crowd of people here already this morning, waiting for you. They want your autograph. I told them you'd be along later."

"How does it feel to be a movie star, Charlie?" Mr. Bergen asked as they drove slowly down the studio street, filled with trucks and cars and hurrying people, dressed in all kinds of costumes.

"I don't know," Charlie giggled. "I've been sort of numb ever since we made our first test. All I know is that being a movie star is better than going to school, Mr. Bergen."

"But you have to go to school, too," Mr. Bergen reminded him. "You have to study several hours every day."

"That's what you think," Charlie giggled. "Anyway, I don't mind studying my lessons on the stage. There are so many interesting things to see."

"But you must keep your mind on the teacher and the lessons," Mr. Bergen went on seriously.

"Oh, I do, Mr. Bergen. Really I do. The teacher's pretty. I've promised to try to arrange a screen test for her. Besides, she likes detective stories and ice cream

cones as well as I do. We talk the same language, so to speak."

"I see," Mr. Bergen said slowly, shaking his head. "I'll have to look into this matter of screen tests and detective stories."

THEN THE CAR stopped before the huge, stucco sound stage. Charlie gave his polo coat and beret to Jimmy, who was sitting in the driver's seat, and walked through the heavy door, followed by Mr. Bergen.

Director George Marshall and Adolphe Menjou were waiting for them, with the other members of the cast of "The Goldwyn Follies."

"We'll do your scenes with Mr. Menjou and Bobby Clark first, Charlie," the director said.

"Anything you say, Mr. Marshall," Charlie smiled. "And what do I wear in these scenes?"

"You'd better think of your speeches, instead of your clothes, Charlie," Mr. Bergen whispered, his voice worried. "What will Mr. Marshall say when he finds out that you went to a party last night, instead of studying your lines for the scenes? You know, Charlie, that our job depends on you."

"He'll never find out, unless you tell him," Charlie muttered.

Before Mr. Bergen could speak, the director called them to a rehearsal of the first scene.

"What are you going to do about not knowing the dialogue?" Mr. Bergen asked anxiously.

"Don't worry about me," Charlie told him airily. "I'll manage to say something. It may not be the right thing, but it will be something."

BUT, TO THE amazement of Mr. Bergen, Charlie was letter-perfect in his dialogue. He did not miss a word or a cue. He even prompted the others when they hesitated uncertainly over their lines.

"When did you study your dialogue, Charlie?" Mr. Bergen asked in surprise, when the rehearsal of the scene was finished.

Mr. Bergen Stood Beside Charlie as the Little Fellow Reclined Very Much at His Ease and Thought up New Wisecracks

Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen Arriving at the Studio

Charlie chuckled triumphantly.

"I did it all last night at Skinny's party. You may really think I'm only a frivolous butterfly, Mr. Bergen, flitting from flower to flower, in search of pleasure. But I'm really a hard-working man. I took the script of the picture to the party. The boys and girls helped me to learn the words. Everyone played a different part. You'd really be surprised at the talent of my friends, Mr. Bergen. If anything should happen to the actors in this picture, I can supply a second team at a minute's notice. And it won't be a scrub team either. You should see Skinny Dugan's imitation of you, Mr. Bergen. It's a scream."

"I imagine it is," Mr. Bergen smiled.

Charlie was at that moment very satisfied with himself indeed—he had scored!

Then the director called to Charlie.

"Run along and put on your make-up, Charlie," he said. "We'll be ready to shoot the scene in a few minutes."

CHARLIE SCAMPERED across the studio to the make-up department where a make-up expert was waiting for him. He climbed into a chair and sat quietly while the specialist darkened his eyebrows and lashes, reddened his mouth and rouged his cheeks.

"I'll never get used to this painting-the-lily business," Charlie mumbled to Mr. Bergen, who was watching the process. "We didn't have to go through all this rigmarole when we made those short pictures in New York."

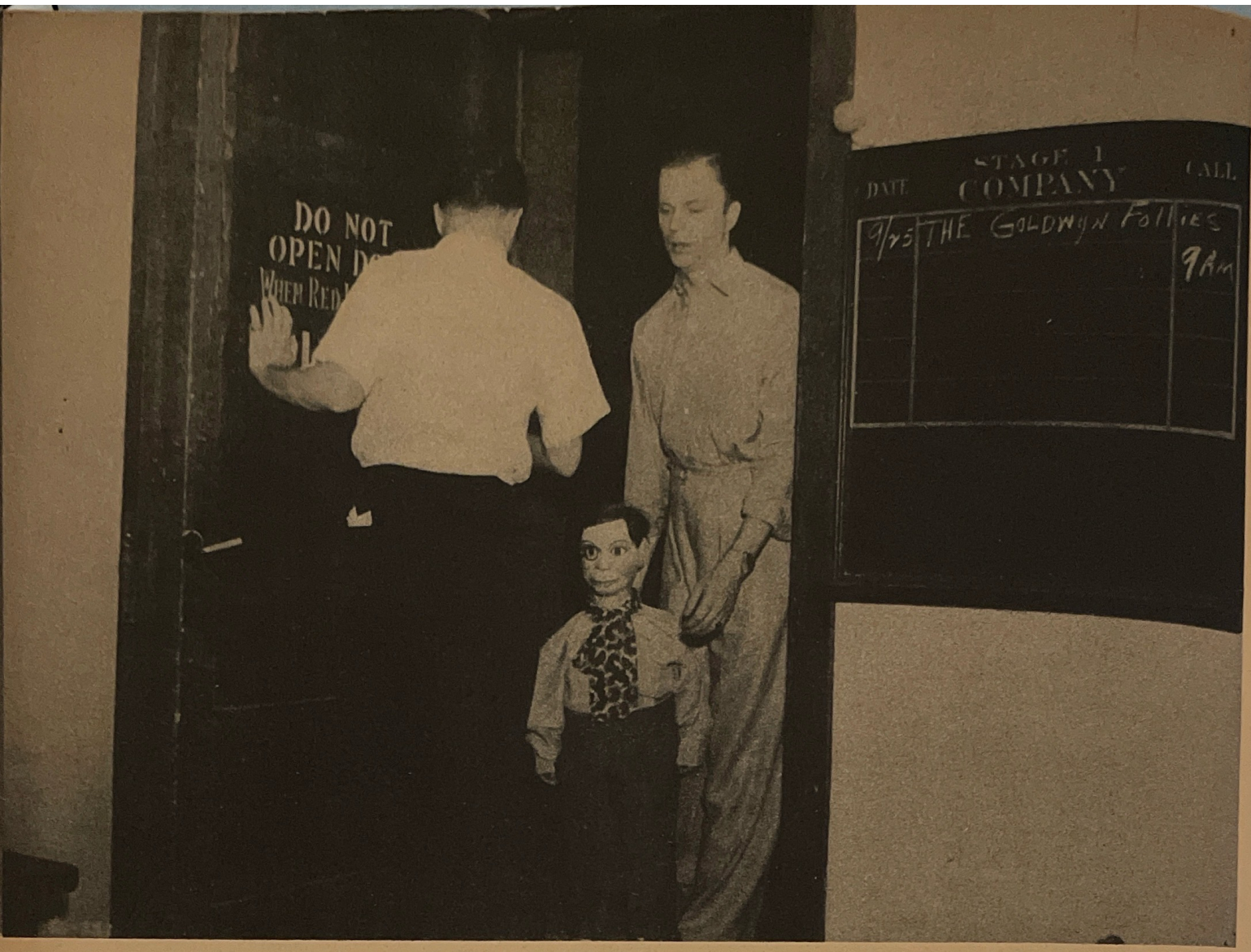
"Of course, we didn't," Mr. Bergen replied. "Those pictures were filmed in black and white. This is a technicolor picture and you have to wear a natural-color make-up. You're a very fortunate boy, Charlie, to be in a big picture like 'The Goldwyn Follies.' Just think of all the other boys who would give anything to have your opportunity in Hollywood."

"I don't feel like a boy. I feel like a Christmas tree," Charlie grinned, looking at himself in the mirror. "A very handsome Christmas tree, I might add."

Charlie was vain, you see.

"You haven't time to admire yourself now, Charlie," Mr. Bergen reminded him. "You must hurry and dress."

Charlie McCarthy Looking Over His Elaborate Wardrobe



Charlie and Mr. Bergen Entering the Sound Stage at the Studio

THEY RUSHED to the dressing room, which they shared. With the help of Mr. Bergen and Jimmy, Charlie put on dark slacks, his polo coat and a jaunty felt hat with a gay feather tucked in its band. Then, when Mr. Bergen was dressed, they returned to the stage.

"We're ready, Mr. Marshall," Charlie called to the director.

"Fine," Mr. Marshall answered. "Take your places, please."

Quickly Charlie, Mr. Bergen and Bobby Clark stepped into the bright glare of the lights on the stage. The setting was a make-believe office. Charlie and Mr. Bergen sat on a cushioned seat beside a kind of railing.

Mr. Clark stood in front of them.

"Silence! We're turning!" Mr. Marshall shouted.

Instantly the noises and voices were hushed and the sound stage was quiet.

"Roll 'em!" Mr. Marshall directed.

The cameramen pressed buttons and the cameras clicked in their sound-proof boxes. The sound men

Rehearsing a Scene Before Shooting It

adjusted their instruments. At a signal from the director, Charlie began to speak.

AGAIN AND AGAIN they "shot" the scene. Finally the director, the chief cameraman and the sound engineers were satisfied.

Charlie played in two other scenes before he was permitted to have lunch.

"That will be all for this morning," the director said finally. "Wear your dress clothes this afternoon, Charlie. You'll be working in the garden party scene."

"Okey-dokey," Charlie called as he and Mr. Bergen walked from the stage to their dressing room.

When they reached the small room, with its long dressing table and many mirrors, Charlie quickly took off his polo coat, put on a woolly, white sports coat and set his hat at a rakish angle. He admired himself in the looking-glass.

"You go on to lunch, Mr. Bergen," he said. "I'll meet you in the restaurant in a few minutes. I want to make a call before I eat. I won't be long."

"I'll go with you," Mr. Bergen told him firmly.

Charlie McCarthy Patiently Undergoes the Ordeal of Being Made up by an Expert Before Going in Front of the Camera — While Mr. Bergen Supervises the Job

"Then I'll be sure that you'll meet me for lunch."

"Well, if you insist, I guess that there's nothing I can do about it," Charlie sighed and led the way across the lot.

They came to a huge, bare room where the ballet dancers were rehearsing a dance number for the picture.

WHEN THEY saw Charlie, standing in the doorway, the girls left their places and ran to greet him.

"Don't let me interrupt your dancing, girls," Charlie smiled after a few minutes of laughing chatter. "I came to see what you're doing. Maybe I can learn a few tricks, myself."

So, while Charlie and Mr. Bergen watched, surrounded by girls who were not needed in the dance number, the others rehearsed one of the picture's beautiful, intricate ballet dances, the girls moving gracefully through the difficult steps.

Charlie applauded enthusiastically.

FINALLY, when the dance was ended, Mr. Bergen pulled Charlie from the room.

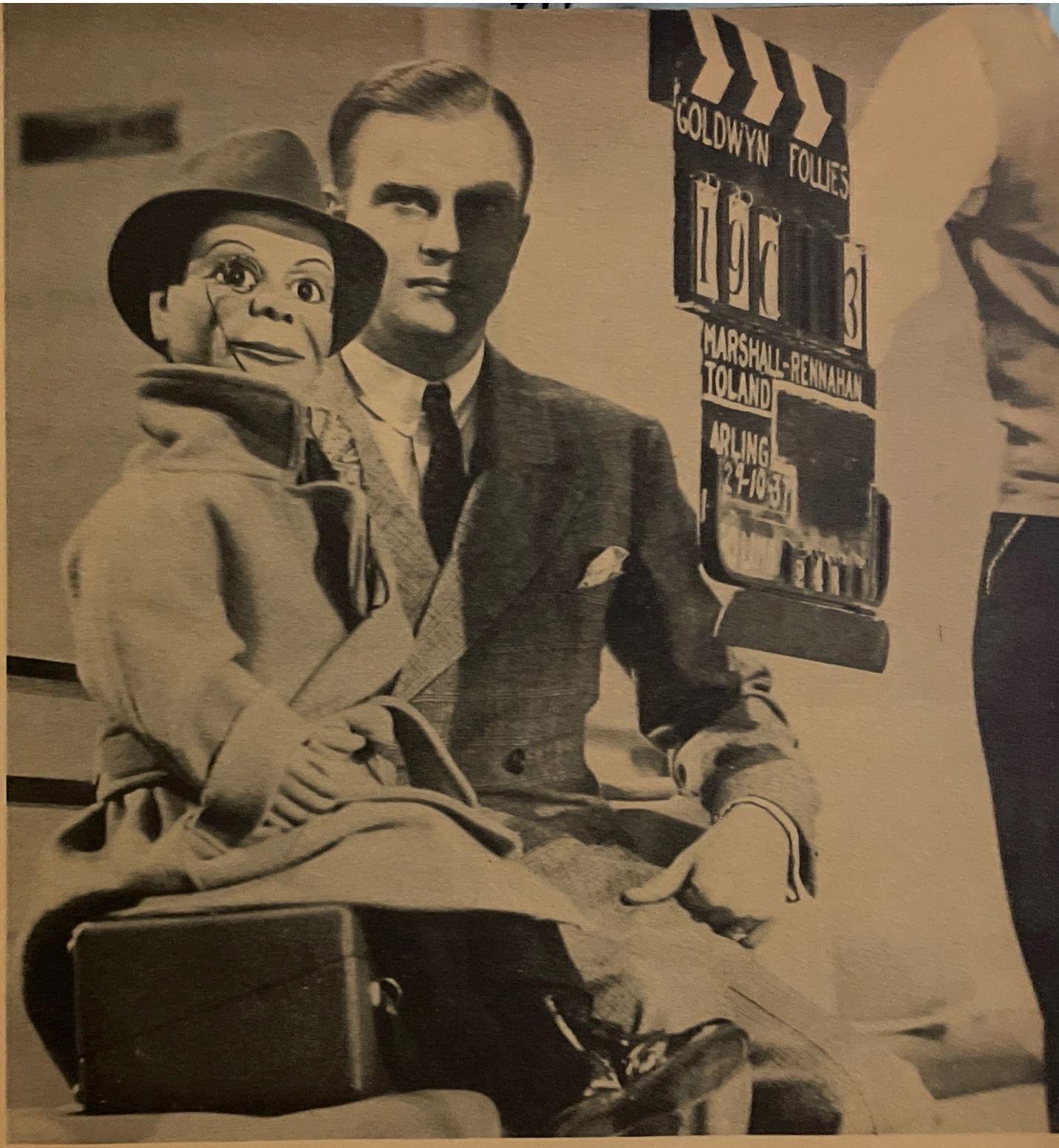
"We haven't time to go visiting this noon, Charlie," he said. "We must have lunch and hurry back to the stage."

"Don't rush me, please," Charlie cried, trying to keep pace with Mr. Bergen's rapid strides. "I don't believe in racing through life. You miss too much fun along the way. Let's practice those ballet steps tonight. What do you say?"

"I say no," Mr. Bergen said firmly. "I don't intend to break my neck."

"Neither do I," Charlie agreed. "I was planning to practice them on the bed. Then we'll break the springs, instead of our necks."

As soon as Charlie and Mr. Bergen had finished lunch, they went to their dressing room, where Charlie changed into evening clothes. He dressed with great care, adjusting his white tie, pulling his waistcoat into proper position, settling his silk hat at just



Just Before the Scene Is Shot a Series of Numbers and Names Are Held up to Be Photographed — to Identify the Scene on the Completed Film

Charlie and Mr. Bergen in a Dialogue Scene With Bobby Clark

the right angle and carefully arranging the monocle in his gleaming eye.

WHEN they returned to the stage, Mr. Bergen led Charlie to the chief cameraman and the technicolor expert, who carefully inspected the boy's make-up and clothes.

"Okay, Charlie," they approved finally, nodding with satisfaction.

As Charlie turned away from them, Andrea Leeds, the picture's leading lady, rushed up to him with an eager smile.

"Come on, Charlie. We're waiting for you," she cried, giving the boy a hug and kiss.

"Cut it out, Andrea," Charlie scolded, pulling away from her. "You'll ruin my make-up. Besides, you know I don't like to be kissed when there are so many people around."

"I'm sorry, Charlie," the girl smiled. "I forgot that you were so shy and bashful."

She looked at him teasingly.

"Shy and bashful!" Charlie exclaimed. "You don't know McCarthy, Andrea. You should have seen me last night, playing post office at Skinny Dugan's party.

Say, how would you like to go to one of Skinny's parties with me sometime?"

"I'd love it," Andrea cried enthusiastically.

"That's a date," Charlie told her.

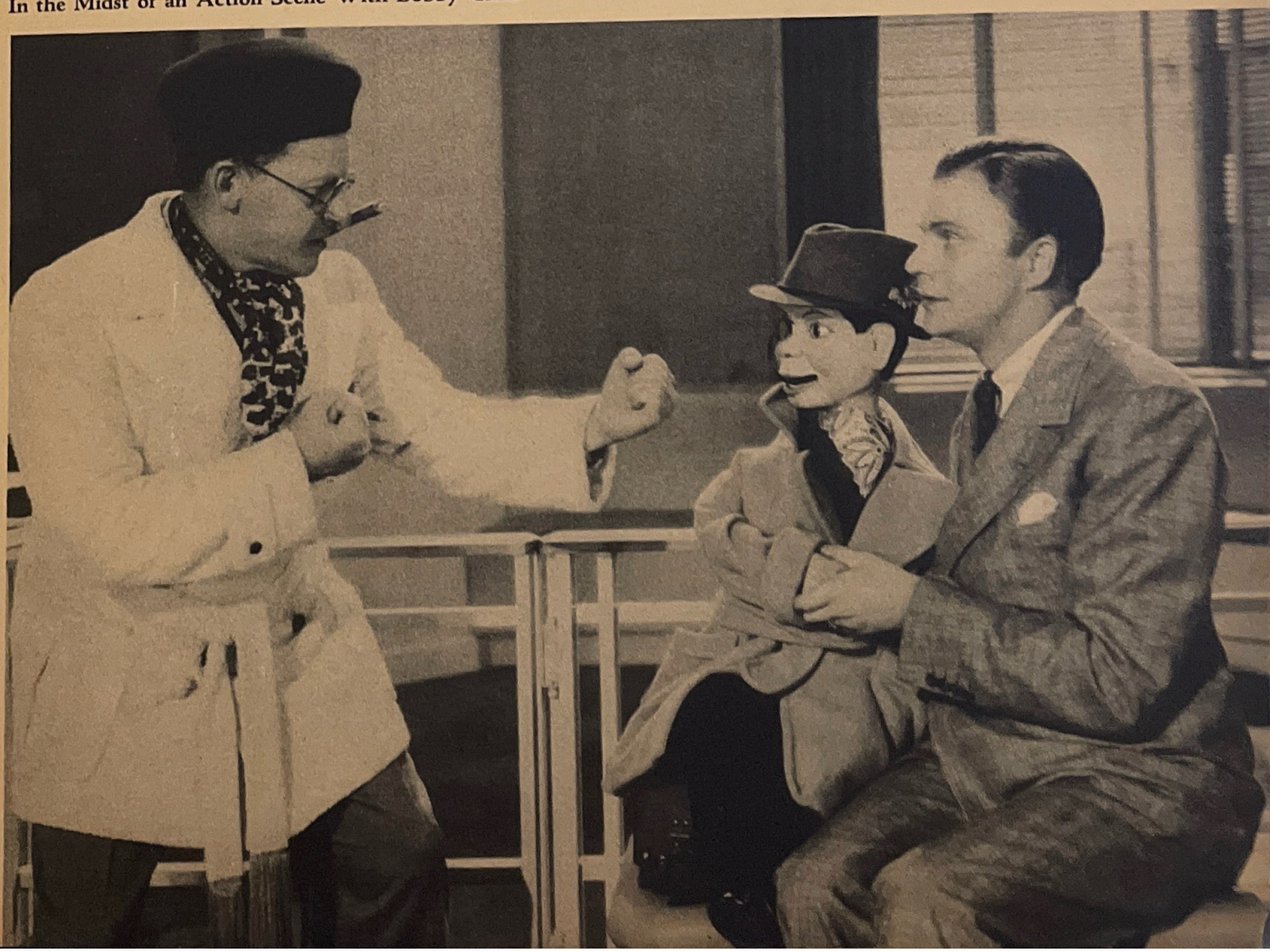
"What's a date?" Mr. Bergen asked, walking up to them and smiling at Andrea.

"Nothing. Nothing at all," Charlie said flippantly. "It's just a little secret between Miss Leeds and me, Mr. Bergen. What you don't know won't hurt you. You're wasting time, hanging around us. You'd better be putting on your dress clothes, if you expect to work in the next scene."

"That's right," Mr. Bergen laughed. "I won't be away long so don't get into any mischief while I'm gone, Charlie."

All that afternoon Charlie and Mr. Bergen worked in the garden party scenes. The stage was lovely with trees and flowers and make-believe grass and bright

In the Midst of an Action Scene With Bobby Clark



lights. Charlie, Mr. Bergen, Andrea Leeds, Adolphe Menjou, Phil Baker, the Ritz Brothers, Vera Zorina, Kenny Baker, Bobby Clark, Ella Logan, Helen Jepson and dozens of other players were supposed to be the guests at the gay party.

The little fellow was pleased.

"And they call this work," Charlie chuckled as he and Mr. Bergen stood in a window in a make-believe house, while Phil Baker, with his accordion, stood below them on the bright green grass.

"It is work, Charlie," Mr. Bergen told him. "It's serious, important work. Do you realize that you are helping to provide entertainment for thousands of people?"

"I realize that I'm providing a lot of entertainment for myself," Charlie laughed happily. "This certainly beats going to school."

"I'm glad that you mentioned school," Mr. Bergen said suddenly. "While we're waiting for the next scene, we'll find your teacher."

"Oh, no, we won't," Charlie grinned, following Mr. Bergen through the garden.

"Why won't we?" Bergen asked.

"Because she isn't here," Charlie answered, his eyes

Charlie McCarthy in Glorious Surroundings—Among the Ballet Dancers

Charlie's New Make-Up Is Given Careful Inspection

dancing. "I told her that you and I had decided that we would have recess all day today and I suggested that she go to see a few movies so she would be ready for that screen test I'm going to arrange for her."

Before the exasperated Mr. Bergen could speak, the director called them for another scene.

FINALLY, LATE in the afternoon, the director told Charlie that he was through for the day.

When Charlie and Mr. Bergen had taken off their dress clothes and their make-up, they returned to the stage for final instructions for the next day's work.

"Be on the set at nine o'clock, Charlie," Mr. Marshall told him. "We'll do your scenes with Phil Baker. Wear your green sweater and your checkered sports coat."

"Okay, skipper," Charlie waved.

After he had said good-bye to the other players, Charlie stopped for one last peek in the huge cameras. Then he and Mr. Bergen left the stage.

Jimmy was waiting for them with the car. As they drove through the studio gates, a crowd of eager boys and girls surged around the car, holding books, papers and pencils in their outstretched hands.

"Please give us your autograph, Charlie," they asked.

Charlie McCarthy in a Happy Moment — With Andrea Leeds, in a Scene That Makes the Little Fellow's Eyes Pop, Though the Monocle Somehow Manages to Stay Firmly in Place

Jimmy stopped the car and Charlie busily signed his name to the books and papers. Then, with a last smile to his young admirers, he settled back in his seat and the car turned toward home.

"I'm surely a lucky guy, Mr. Bergen," he said slowly. "I've got you and Skinny Dugan and plenty to eat and all my swell clothes and a good job, working in the movies and on the radio."

"You should be a very grateful boy," Mr. Bergen told him, smiling affectionately.

"I am," Charlie said seriously, "and I'd be even more grateful if I had a double-decker ice-cream cone right now, this very minute."

So they stopped at a drug store and Charlie munched his double-decker cone all the way home, occasionally saying "Mmmmmm" to show his pleasure.

Andrea Leeds—Edgar Bergen—and Charlie McCarthy!

The Garden Party Scene From "The Goldwyn Follies"

WHEN THEY arrived at the house Charlie took a long, leisurely bath. Then he dressed in freshly pressed evening clothes and read the funny pages in the newspaper until the cook called him to say that dinner was served.

After dinner he and Mr. Bergen again drove into Hollywood, this time to the studios of the National Broadcasting Company for a rehearsal of their weekly radio program.

The entire company was gathered in a large room, its carpeted floor dotted with microphones on standards.

Don Ameche, the program's master of ceremonies, and Dorothy Lamour rushed forward to greet Charlie as he and Mr. Bergen entered the room.

"How are you, Dotty?" Charlie asked. "I've got a secret to tell you."

Smiling, Dorothy bent her head and the boy whispered in her ear, while Mr. Bergen and Don Ameche hovered near them.

Charlie and Mr. Bergen Looking Down on Phil Baker

"Do you want to go to Skinny Dugan's house with me after the rehearsal?" Charlie asked in a low voice. "He's having a taffy pull tonight."

"No taffy pulls for you, young man," Mr. Bergen interrupted. "You're going straight to bed the minute we get home."

"Eavesdroppers always come to bad ends," Charlie muttered, walking toward one of the microphones.

"So do boys who don't get their necessary sleep," Mr. Bergen called after him.

The rehearsal was a merry affair. Sitting before one of the microphones Mr. Bergen and Charlie practiced the dialogue which they would speak in their next radio show.

THEN THE entire movie company sat, listening and smiling, while Charlie rehearsed a song with Robert Armbruster, the leader of the program's orchestra.

"Nelson Eddy and Don Ameche and all the other

Charlie and His Pal Walking Through the Garden

singers had better watch out when I begin to warble," Charlie chuckled as he finished the song. "I wouldn't be surprised if I landed in grand opera some day, would you, Mr. Bergen?"

"I wouldn't be surprised, I'd be flabbergasted," Mr. Bergen laughed. "I hope that you aren't going to be a jack-of-all-trades and a master of none, Charlie, my boy."

"I'm only trying to follow in your footsteps, to be exactly like you, Mr. Bergen," Charlie said, sipping a glass of water. "I wouldn't even mind looking like you, if it were absolutely necessary."

MR. BERGEN laughed and patted the boys' shoulder.

When the rehearsal ended, Charlie and Mr. Bergen drove homeward through the dark, quiet streets of the city.

"Don't forget your promise," Charlie said, as they sat on the bed and Mr. Bergen helped him to undress.

Mr. Bergen and Charlie McCarthy Listening to Phil Baker

Charlie Whispered Something to Dorothy Lamour

"What promise, Charlie?"

Mr. Bergen acted as though he had no idea at all what Charlie was talking about.

"You said that, if I went to bed without any fuss, you'd read another chapter in the book. A bargain's a bargain, Mr. Bergen. You haven't heard any fuss about my missing Skinny's taffy pull, have you? I did not fuss at all."

"No. And I'll keep my end of the bargain," Mr. Bergen smiled.

SO, WHEN they were comfortable in their pyjamas and robes, they went downstairs into the library. Charlie sat on Mr. Bergen's lap and listened with bright eyes to an exciting chapter in the book.

The fire crackled on the hearth. The house was silent, except for the low, steady rumble of Mr. Bergen's voice.

Slowly Charlie's eyelids drooped. Desperately he fought to stay awake. But, finally, his eyes closed and remained closed. With a little sigh, Charlie fell asleep and was lost to the world.

Mr. Bergen quietly closed the book and smiled at the sleeping boy. Then he carried Charlie up the stairs and undressed him with gentle hands, finally tucking the blankets around his shoulders. Charlie smiled happily in his dreams, but he did not awaken —until the next morning.

Charlie's long, busy, happy day was ended. What a full day it had been!

Charlie McCarthy and Edgar Bergen Rehearsing Their Radio Show

Charlie McCarthy Launching Forth into Song

BUT Charlie McCarthy had one of his favorite dreams—he dreamed that he was speaking into a radio microphone, to millions and millions of listeners, and making them roar with laughter from coast to coast on a gigantic national hook-up.

For Charlie was making his own wise cracks and Mr. Bergen did not have a single comeback—no, not one!

Charlie Took a Sip of Water—Singing Made Him Thirsty

EDGAR BERGEN'S ADVICE ON THE ART OF VENTRILOQUISM

VENTRILOQUISM, when once you understand the general idea, becomes a matter of practice—of saying something over and over until you have the sound effect just right. Actually, of course, the ventriloquist does not "throw" his voice—he only seems to do that. The more he seems to make his voice come from somewhere other than his own mouth, the greater is his skill at deception. For the ventriloquist, like the stage magician, is a master at deceiving his audience into believing something that is not so. After all, the ventriloquist IS doing all the talking, even if he does not appear to be saying a word.

That's the secret—not to appear to be saying a word. The first requisite in this is to refrain from moving your lips—the voice comes from within the throat (hence sometimes giving an excellent illusion of coming from a distance), and all enunciation must be achieved by the tongue and throat muscles. The lips are held slightly open, to permit the voice to come out, but otherwise they should be kept quite still—not rigid, but certainly motionless. When practising this part of the art of ventriloquism, it is a good idea to look at yourself in a mirror, to detect the slightest twitch which may destroy the good ventriloquist's illusion.

A good way to begin to make sounds in your throat is as follows: Inhale deeply, and allow the breath to be exhaled slowly through your vocal chords, producing a kind of continuous groan. You should experiment with this exercise until the groan has become a clear, even voice tone. You can then raise the pitch or lower it to suit the voice you wish to create for ventriloquistic purposes—Charlie McCarthy's voice is pitched somewhat higher than my own natural speaking voice.

Once you have mastered the technique of producing a vocal tone through slightly parted lips, you are ready to try to speak words. The greatest trouble you will have to overcome is the avoidance of mumbling. When you do not move your lips—and you must not when you are supposed to be "throwing" your voice—you lose the aid of the lips in enunciating words clearly. But with practice you can overcome the difficulty, and there is always a way around any word which cannot be pronounced well without the use of the lips. Leave it out. Remember that whenever in sound motion pictures there is a word or phrase which blurs on the sound track, the dialogue is rewritten to get around the trouble. The ventriloquist is careful to use dialogue which best suits his art.

The illusion of voice throwing is secured by suggesting to the audience that the voice next to be heard is going to come from some other place than the ventriloquist's mouth. That is why a character like Charlie McCarthy is used—if his mouth moves as though it were really speaking, a better illusion is created, and the new voice is accepted more readily as coming from the "other speaker." Similarly, if the ventriloquist points to a closed trunk, or to the wings of the stage, or to some other place, and suggests that the voice or sound is to come from there, and the voice heard is then very much like that which would probably be heard if it did come from there, the voice seems to be thrown. This is especially true on a stage, where the performers are relatively close together and it is almost impossible for the audience to distinguish slight changes in the direction of sound.

So good luck—may you, too, succeed in this art or whatever you undertake!

EDGAR BERGEN

A Day With CHARLIE McCARTHY